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Illusion of Victory

DONALD BRANDON

The Great Land Swindle

LAWRENCE T. KING

Notes from Rome

JOHN COGLEY

THE COMIC TRADITION IN IRELAND • *AT A REST HOME: POEM*
GOLDWATER AND ROCKEFELLER • *LETTERS ON DR. ROCK'S BOOK*

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Test-Ban Treaty

NORMALLY speaking, "second thoughts" occur after an initial step has been taken. In the case of the recently initialed test-ban treaty, however, most of the second thoughts occurred well before the event. The idea of a test-ban treaty, even of the limited kind which excludes underground testing, is not a new idea. For some five years now the Western powers have been negotiating for such a ban. Now, seemingly, we have it in our grasp, subject only to Senate ratification. Though there has been talk of a great national debate on the issue, our guess is that it will not create a great deal of controversy; barring the unforeseen, the treaty will be ratified. Senator Goldwater will most likely oppose it and physicist Teller will undoubtedly warn us of dangers to our security. Their counsels should, of course, be heard—and then politely rejected in the final reckoning.

For the test-ban treaty does represent, in President Kennedy's words "an important first step—a step toward peace—a step toward reason—a step away from war." For that reason, it is important that any afterthoughts on the treaty—of the kind that will most likely concern the Senate—should keep in mind the President's word "step." Barring the transformation of men into angels, the most the world can hope for is that "steps" will be taken: none of the major powers is likely to repudiate nuclear war absolutely; none will agree in the near future to a reduction of its nuclear stockpile or missiles. The horrible reality is that war, as a response to external threat, is still deeply imbedded in the consciousness of men and nations. The danger of nuclear war has altered that consciousness, but has not yet decisively changed it. Thus, again, we can only hope for "steps."

The point is that we should not scorn steps. More pertinently, we have to accept the risks that step-taking entails. It is easy enough to list the risks involved in the present treaty: the main one is that, at some point in the future, the Soviet Union will simply begin testing again and thereby get a jump on us. That is perfectly possible; or, more to the present point, there is no irrefutable way to prove to the skeptics that it will not happen. In this respect, the skeptic always has the advantage in a debate.

BUT THAT is about his only advantage. Over against him is the hard fact that nuclear testing constitutes a major hazard to the health and security of mankind. No less importantly, testing has been a prime ingredient in the arms race. As long as one nation felt free to test, the other nuclear powers were left with no choice but to do some testing of their own. One could hardly find a more representative instance of the power of a vicious circle in international relations.

Where was it all supposed to end? The skeptic never provides an answer to this question—somehow we are supposed to believe that, wonder of wonders, in nuclear terror there is strength. But a strength which has as its twin brother annihilation has, ultimately, little to commend it to rational men. It has even less to commend it to Christians.

One way or another, the free nations have to risk some steps. The present treaty represents only a small move toward peace; but, small or not, it is a move, and that is just what we have lacked since the end of World War II. During the intervening years the world has anxiously looked for some evidence for a waning of East-West tension. Until the present treaty, there was little evidence to be had. The broader question is whether the present treaty will mean a significant relaxation of tension in the future.

Since the Chinese almost certainly will not join in the treaty, and with French intentions unclear, there will still remain good reasons for uneasiness. In addition, the continuation of underground test-

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ing will mean a continuation of weapons development by the three major powers. Finally, the broad escape clause which allows each nation "to withdraw from the treaty" if "extraordinary events" jeopardize its "supreme interests" means that it can hardly be called air-tight.

In sum, the treaty can aptly be called a "symbol" or a "gesture"—it does not end the cold war, abolish nuclear warfare, guarantee for all time the cessation of tests. Those are the ultimate goals which all men should hope for, work for, pray for. In the meantime, we can happily settle for some significant gestures. We have, in other words, to take what we can get and make the most of it. In the present treaty the world has gained something of value; and its value will be enhanced if it elicits vigorous support. We trust the American people will provide that support.

Unequal Aid to Negroes

ONE OF THE questions that can now be posed, in the light of the growing success of civil rights demonstrations, is this: Are Negroes due something more than equal treatment from government and society? Or to put it another way: Would favored treatment simply be prejudice of a different kind, or should it be given in justice to atone for the suppression of the past? For many the question seems academic. Yet to many Negroes it is a question that deserves an answer. Whitney M. Young, Jr., of the National Urban League, contends that Negroes have a greater claim for special compensation than, for instance, the veterans of World War II, who received exclusive benefits under law. The GI's, he said, "were compensated for being removed from the mainstream of American life for four years. We have been outside for a hundred years."

To our knowledge, no legislation or policy extends this kind of preferment. The Administration, in response to Southern critics, has said that the Negro is entitled to special attention, but not special treatment. Thus the Administration has sought out Negro applicants for some government jobs, but has denied giving them any special advantage over white applicants. What Mr. Young is saying is that special attention is not enough, and that society ought to lean in favor of Negroes, just as it has leaned against them for most of our history.

It can be argued that this sort of policy would defeat the purpose by replacing one kind of unequal treatment with another. Certainly it would run the risk of creating new resentments. Nevertheless, without going into specifics, we think the idea of temporary favored treatment for Negroes under law deserves close examination. "Equal opportunity" can be an elusive thing. When the obvious color bars are eliminated, Negroes may appear to be competing equally with whites, but in fact, most will bear a set of handicaps as the residue of long discrimination. It may be that to make opportunity truly equal, Negroes should be extended help under law that would appear, at least in the short run, unfair. If so, it would not be the first time that extraordinary action was undertaken to obtain ordinary justice.

Work Rules Dispute

THE FACT that jobs and livelihoods are at stake intensifies the dispute between the railroads and the railway brotherhoods. The railroads, many of them hard-pressed by competition with other carriers, seek payroll savings of more than half a billion annually; as a consequence the jobs of over sixty thousand men are in jeopardy. The companies contend that there is no need for firemen on diesel yard and freight engines, while the unions insist that these men are doing useful work. Investigators have tended in some measure to support the railroads' contention.

In four years no one has come up with an acceptable solution. The firemen and enginemen's union has offered to cut five thousand from the rolls by retirement, but the railroads do not find this extensive enough. Neither side manifests much enthusiasm for the Presidential emergency board recommendation that for the time being only those firemen most recently hired be dropped. The unions perceive "compulsory arbitration" in President Kennedy's request for immediate legislation that temporarily would turn over decisions on the work rules to the Interstate Commerce Commission—to avert a nationwide rail strike.

Employers and the community have obligations toward workers displaced by automation. Substantial severance pay with opportunities for retraining would appear to supply a good answer. But in a

SUMMER SCHEDULE

In keeping with the usual practice, The Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated as follows: August 23, September 6, and September 20. From then on The Commonweal will resume its normal weekly printing schedule.

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comparatively stagnant economy, with declining numbers of job openings, what can displaced workers retrain for? One essential element in any viable solution for the threatened rail workers and others is an upsurge in our national economy.

Gerald Vann, O.P.

IT IS with deep regret that we report the recent death of Father Gerald Vann, O.P., at the Dominican Priory, Newcastle, England. Father Vann was a theologian of worldwide renown. "The Heart of Man," "The Divine Pity," "On Being Human" and "Morals Makyth Man" are among his best known books. Father Vann was a frequent contributor to our pages. We have often quoted his persuasive 1951 article on objectives for the Catholic Press. His "What Is Natural?" was another Commonweal article that attracted especially wide attention. In "The Christian Paradox" for Advent 1961, he developed the theme that "For the Christian chaos and disintegration [in the world] imply, not ultimate defeat and despair, but a hope and challenge, the possibility of a new beginning. . . ." His stimulus and enlightening influence will be sorely missed throughout the English-speaking Christian world. May he rest in peace.

Many readers of The Commonweal will be interested in the August television series of "The Catholic Hour," sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men. For four successive Sundays, beginning on August 4, leading theologians will be interviewed on the subject of the Vatican Council by James O'Gara, managing editor of The Commonweal. Guests will include the Rev. Frederick Grant, Anglican observer at the Council, the Rev. Gregory Baum, O.S.A., the Rev. Frederick McManus, and the Rev. Edward Duff, S.J. NBC-TV, 1:30 PM, EDT.

HERE AND THERE

Notes from Rome

LIKE CITIES everywhere, Rome is changing fast. New buildings are arising on all sides, many of them incongruously *moderne* in these surroundings. But the biggest, most insistent change of all is the traffic. It was always true that any two Italian drivers could cause a crisis. The Romans must drive according to some rule or other, but it has never been decipherable by visiting foreigners. Now, with the whole population outfitted with Fiats, or so it seems—the putt-putt of the Vespa is becoming ever more rare—the clogged streets look like speeded-up movies. Stop-and-go lights are totally inadequate. On busy corners there are cops going through ballet movements, but, however graceful their dance, they seem hopelessly ineffectual as directors of traffic.

You get the feeling that, say, five hundred more automobiles would bring the whole city to a halt. Traffic, my companion said, is a greater threat to the traditional character of Rome than all the would-be conquests through the ages. You wonder if anyone is really worrying about it. The harassed drivers themselves seem to take their cue from the name of their favorite car.

. . . On this trip, I don't think I have seen a single shoe-shine boy. Another sign of the new prosperity, the "Italian Miracle," as it is called. When I first came here after the war, the shoe-shine boys were ubiquitous. What, incidentally, has happened to those kids whose plight was depicted in the films of Rossellini and De Sica? Sophia Loren grew up in the biting wartime poverty of Naples. We know what happened to her. *La dolce vita.* In Rome this time, studying the modish young matrons and their well turned-out husbands, my mind keeps turning back to the harsh days when the street boys could arrange anything, including a rendezvous with older sisters. Things looked fairly hopeless then, but life has turned out to be much better than they thought it could. One thing is sure, *their* kids are off the streets.

The daughters of joy—a manner of speaking—are still to be found, but they are neither as numerous nor as desperate as they used to be. There are gaggles of them around the railroad station and occasionally you see a single midnight patrol on a silent street, but here too there are indications that a new day has dawned. Most now drive in pairs and solicit from shiny new automobiles.

We used to explain the Catholic Communist voters of Italy as "belly Communists," people whose politics was founded less on ideology than on hunger pangs. The same explanation was offered for the street-walkers. But in the wake of the Italian Miracle there is still a huge Communist vote and a private enterprise system still thrives near the railroad station. I asked a friend about this, a writer who used to propound the Don Camillo thesis. "I guess it just got to be a habit in both cases," he said.

RETURNED TO THIS question of the Communist vote, at a journalist's home last evening. Was Pope

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John to blame for the increased vote after *Pacem in Terris* came out? That is the general charge of *Il Borghese* and other right-wing spokesmen in Rome. "Was Pius XII, who excommunicated Communists, responsible for the earlier large votes?", my friend asked in return. With the Italians, he claimed, what the Pope does or says about such matters is simply treated as irrelevant. Many people who vote Communist refuse to accept the notion that there is any contradiction between their political votes and baptismal vows. They think of their vote in negative terms, as a means of protesting against economic conditions, political abuses, the anomalies of the Christian Democratic rule, American foreign policy—all kinds of things. It isn't that they believe in the Communist creed so much as that they feel bitter about some aspect of the status quo and take this way of showing it. In most cases, they would be stunned to have the Communists actually win. The mentality is not peculiar to Italians, though there is much more of it here in Italy than in America. But don't forget all the people who boast of having voted for Norman Thomas as a protest against both parties during the Depression. Most of them would have been flabbergasted had the Socialists won a national election.

I am reminded of a friend who, in 1960, felt that both Nixon and Kennedy were tainted by whatever it is that people of this kind think practicing politicians are tainted by. He voted for the Prohibitionist candidate. The Prohibitionist candidate, recall, was later murdered by the outraged husband of his alcoholic mistress, whom he met, throughout the campaign, in cocktail lounges. Ironical. But my friend need not worry about being charged with irresponsibility. He knew all the time that his candidate would not win, so it did not make much difference who headed up the third party. The Catholic Communists of Italy believe they have the same assurance, but they keep hovering ever closer to the brink. It's a kind of political "chicken" they are playing.

. . . At the tomb of Pope John. There in the crypts are the burial places of numerous Pontiffs. Right now, though, the interest is exclusively in Pope John. The Italians bring bouquets along and throw them, still wrapped in oiled paper, inside the rail. So many standing in line that the prayers at the railing have to be brief. Many have tears in their eyes when they get up to leave. "I prayed *to* him, not *for* him," is a standard remark.

No one, even the oldest Roman, can remember a Pope as beloved. Whatever John's magic, it reached out to everyone. Gunnar Kumlien says that it was the appeal of sanctity. That makes sense, though one would not want to say that all saints were personally appealing. If it was sanctity, it was a particular brand of holiness even rarer than sanctity itself. In any case, the world and the Church are the beneficiaries of the gift. My monsignor friend said that the fact that the new Pope will succeed John *is*, in the popular mind, more important than that he will be the successor of Peter. In this sense too, the new Pope will be the special beneficiary of the Roncalli gift, for it seems to belong to the whole family, not merely to the Holy Father. The brothers and the sisters, in an age of vulgarity, display and power-seeking, preached as eloquently from Sotto il Monte as the Pope did from the Vatican.

AFTER THE MASS of the Holy Spirit, celebrated just before the conclave was to begin, I saw the Cardinals, or most of them, leaving Saint Peter's separately and in informal groups. Even weighing the fact that the scarlet cardinalatial garb is striking enough to do something for any man, they are an impressive body. There is something particularly moving in seeing the sprinkling of dark-skinned prelates taking their place in the august body. The black African Cardinal Rugambwa will celebrate his fifty-first birthday in a few weeks, but he looks years younger—a slim man of princely bearing and exceptionally gracious manner. With the headlines full of the racial crisis in the United States, it was hopeful to see white Christians, many from the States, humbly kissing his ring. The elderly Jesuit, Cardinal Bea, reminded me of Father LaFarge—the same benign manner and unperturbability but a hell-raiser for all that.

Later, when the Cardinals were marching in to the Sistine Chapel, a small crowd gathered. Applause for everyone but most of all for Cardinal Cushing. Odd that a foreigner should be the most popular, especially one who is not a product of the Roman seminaries and who can be depended upon to remain forthrightly, uncompromisingly American whatever the circumstances. But the Boston prelate has caught the imagination. His flat statement that he did not understand the Latin at the first session of the Council is the talk of the city. Such candor is warmly appreciated. That it came from an American seems eminently fitting, even endearing.

. . . An old Vatican hand advised me not to bother about going to the square for the first day's voting. Nothing would happen, he assured me; the smoke would be black. He was right. So the first smoke I saw pouring out of the Toonerville Trolley chimney was white. As the new Pope appeared on the balcony, he stood over the engraving stating that Paul V, a Borghese, built Saint Peter's. As is usual in Rome, the sense of history was acute.

The people in the square—prelates, priests, monks, friars, nuns, as well as layfolk—were, in the panoramic sweep, an object lesson on the perennial youth of the Church. Religious in ancient habits, like the Benedic-

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tine, Dominican, Franciscan, stood side by side with Foucauld's denim-clad Little Sisters of Jesus, products of the one-world concept of Christendom of our time. The small group of Little Sisters near me included African and Asian as well as European girls. It seems to me that they are the closest we have come to primitive Franciscans. But, thinking of them as latter-day Franciscans, I remembered the letter that came from Maritain in Toulouse last month. The Foucauld group, he stated flatly, are the most alive exponents of the teachings of the Dominican Saint Thomas in the modern Church.

I WAS TO SEE the new Pope three times more before returning home. Following a custom inaugurated by Pope John, he appeared at an open window to lead the Angelus on the first Sunday. The crowd cheered, prayed, then cheered again. These swift changes of mood can exhaust the foreigner. Then there was the audience for journalists. First twitting the press for its gossipy handling of the Council, the Pope went on to state his special affinity for men of the craft. His father was a journalist, as well as a politician, he said, and he pleased everyone by addressing the group as his colleagues in the service of truth.

The arrangements for the audience were most inadequate. The group of seven hundred writers was made to wait for an hour and then was required to walk several flights of stairs instead of riding the elevators. The room chosen for the audience was much too small. Most people had to stand uncomfortably throughout the audience. The only available text of the Pope's talk was in Italian. Those who did not speak the language had to sit uncomprehending throughout the Holy Fathers' talk—how much better if they had been able to follow his words in translation. The room was miserably hot and stuffy. Still, the graciousness of Paul VI was enough to obliterate all the dissatisfaction and grumbling that had gone on before his appearance. But while we are thinking of *aggiornamento,* somebody should do something about improving the press relations of the Vatican. With the press of the world on hand, receiving impressions and shaping attitudes that will be reflected in their writings for years to come, the audience should have been better arranged. Only the Pope saved the day.

The third time I saw the Pope he was being carried up to the altar for the Coronation Mass. Watched from a roof and thereby saw the whole Cecil B. de Mille technicolor expanse of the scene. The most impressive rubric was of course the loud cry (through a microphone) in the midst of the cheers: "*Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi,*" as the flax blew away as dust. Maybe the little man who called out the message should be sent with a portable microphone to leaders all over the world.

. . . The new Pope is on the cover of practically every magazine sold at the well-stocked stands along the Via Veneto. I bought a half dozen different ones, to compare the stories. They do not vary much from country to country. Still, for all this publicity there is an out-of-focus element in the profiles written. The essential man has not come through yet. He even looks a little different in every picture, usually much more cold and austere than he appears in person.

Naturally, everyone has his own idea of what kind of man now occupies the Chair of Peter. A highly placed Vatican prelate said that if one takes the conventional, but somewhat misleading, liberal-conservative categories that shaped up during the Council, Pope Paul's position was more on the liberal side than any of his immediate collaborators. (It might, of course, change. Remember *Pio Nono.*)

LEARNED THAT The Commonweal over the years has been read carefully by at least some ranking prelates in the Vatican. The particular one I spoke to congratulated me (undoubtedly intending the felicitations for all connected with The Commonweal) on the magazine's having sensed the mood of the universal Church long before it found expression at the Vatican Council. "It must be a great satisfaction to know that stands which were misunderstood at the time are being so frequently vindicated," he said. I was so surprised that my words did not come freely. I mumbled something, but I was remembering some old letters-to-the-editors and hostile editorials that used to talk indignantly about the Mind of the Church, often identifying it with a set of political prejudices and unquestioning acceptance of the status quo.

. . . Cancelled my reservation in order to be in the city for President Kennedy's visit. My monsignor friend was sure that the reception the President would get in Rome would be mild. "The Romans will just not come out to see a head of state, no matter who he is," he said. With the President arriving the day after the coronation and in extremely hot weather, there was more reason than ever for the prophecy. Even the energetic Romans can get exhausted. The monsignor was right. After the feeble reception, the President cancelled his press conference and cut short his stay in the city. Too bad he does not know my monsignor friend. He might have saved himself a trip. After the tepid welcome, I congratulated the monsignor on the accuracy of his prediction. "They just won't come for a head of state," he said again, "but they will come if you give them a show. Tell him to bring Jackie the next time."

JOHN COGLEY

(Mr. Cogley, formerly executive editor of The Commonweal and now with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, writes a regular column for these pages.)

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Goldwater and Rockefeller

THE CURRENT drift to the right inside the Republican party has been most obvious and most disturbing. This makes Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller's vigorous, if belated, counterattack the best political news of recent weeks.

Those who are unaware of the inroads of the radical right inside the Republican party may have been surprised at the vigor of Governor Rockefeller's statement. The Republican party, he said, "is in real danger of subversion by a radical, well financed and highly disciplined minority." He was particularly outspoken in his comments on the biennial convention of the Young Republican National Federation, at which Senator Goldwater was the principal hero. The proceedings, Governor Rockefeller charged, "were dominated by extremist groups, carefully organized, well-financed and operating through the tactics of ruthless, rough-shod intimidation. These are the tactics of totalitarianism." Furthermore, Governor Rockefeller continued, "The leaders of the Birchers and others of the radical right lunatic fringe—every bit as dangerous to American principles and American institutions as the radical left—who successfully engineered this disgraceful subversion of a great and responsible auxiliary of the Republican party are the same people who are now moving to subvert the Republican party itself."

In short, Governor Rockefeller has decided to fight and not a minute too soon, either. Senator Goldwater may yet win the GOP nomination for the Presidency, but he will not win by default.

To me this is good news. Senator Goldwater is a personally attractive man, and few question his good will. But this is not the point. I don't for a minute doubt Senator Goldwater's sincerity; what appalls me are his principles.

I think Governor Rockefeller is right; the Birchites and their allies are coming up strong inside the Republican party. And I agree as well with his harsh judgment on them. "These people have no program for the Republican party or the American people except distrust, disunity, and the ultimate destruction of the confidence of the people in themselves. They are purveyors of hate and distrust in a time when, as never before, the need of the world is for love and understanding."

I'm delighted, then, that Governor Rockefeller is going to make a fight against them. To me it makes little difference whether the GOP candidate is ultimately Governor Rockefeller himself, or whether a moderate like Romney or Scranton gets it. But Senator Goldwater has become so much a candidate of the far right that I would regard his nomination as a disaster.

As far as his own candidacy is concerned, Mr. Rockefeller faces an uphill fight, and to a very large extent, of course, he has brought his present trouble upon himself. Until his disastrous divorce and remarriage, he was way out in front for the nomination. Now he may not get it no matter how hard he tries. But I am glad the field is not being left entirely to Goldwater.

This is not to align myself with those who say Governor Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage are irrelevant. I don't think they are. Like it or not, there is a certain symbolic role in the Presidency, and to that extent any candidate's "private" life is a matter of public concern. Governor Rockefeller is no exception. In my view, his remarriage has hurt him badly, and, contrary to earlier expectations, among Protestants more than among Catholics. But I don't think it has taken him completely out of the running and, given the present situation, I don't think it should.

To me a candidate's moral stance is important. But morality is not limited to such questions as divorce and remarriage; it must include a whole range of issues. And in the case of a candidate for the Presidency, I would think that a man's position on issues of social morality would be of more importance than his personal life.

At this point the strongest alternative to Rockefeller is Senator Goldwater. Goldwater's marital life is impeccable, but are we to make no moral judgments of his larger political views? Is there no moral aspect to saber-rattling and Hydrogen bomb-waving? Goldwater himself is no racist, but are we to attach no significance to the fact that he attracts much racist support? His sincerity is apparent, but is that reason enough to endorse his Neanderthal views on foreign policy? To lessen our support for the UN? To imperil the test-ban negotiations? Senator Goldwater is a "good" man, but is this enough to justify a retreat to *laissez faire*? Stringent anti-labor measures? Turning the unemployment problem back to the states? In judging candidates is morality to be reduced to purely personal morality, with the social dimension entirely eliminated?

The circumstances surrounding Mr. Rockefeller's remarriage are a factor in evaluating him as a candidate, but they are only one factor. If all things were equal, if the choice were between two men with roughly similar views, one of whom had a marriage disability and one who did not, I would vote for the latter man. But as things look now, this is not the situation; things are not equal. If, as now appears, the contest is to be between Goldwater and Rockefeller, count me on Rockefeller's side. And this choice, it seems to me, represents not a denial but an affirmation of the relevance of morality in political life.

JAMES O'GARA

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For the Foreseeable Future Mankind Is and Will Remain Divided

Illusion of Victory

DONALD BRANDON

FOR SOME fifteen years America and its Allies have attempted to contain Communist expansionism. The official doctrine holds that success in forestalling Russian and Chinese imperialism, together with internal changes in the Communist countries, will result in time in the liberalization of those nations and the abandonment of their efforts to Communize the globe.

The policy of containment has been challenged periodically by impatient American critics. In the late 1940's some called for preventive war while the United States had a monopoly of nuclear weapons. Ten years ago John Foster Dulles proposed liberation in place of what he called the "negative, futile and immoral" doctrine of containment. In the early 1960's Senator Goldwater and his supporters attacked the "no-win" approach of the Kennedy Administration.

Despite the occasionally bitter dialogue between defenders and critics of postwar American foreign policy, the two camps agree that Communism must be displaced from its seats of power if the West is to achieve victory in the Cold War. The apologists argue that history is on the side of democracy, and say this country must not undertake risky adventures which could escalate into a nuclear holocaust. The opponents of containment assert that time has not so far been a servant of free men, and suggest that the West should "seize the initiative" rather than remain on the defensive.

Recent history and the facts of the nuclear age suggest doubts about both the wisdom of the liberal Establishment's timid reliance on time, and the prudence of the conservative critics' rash advocacy of a more belligerent response. Even more important, one is compelled to question the common assumption of both schools that victory for the West in the Cold War demands the end of Communism, whether through "evolution," outside pressures, or both.

President Kennedy said recently "there are no final victories." He was referring to the failure of America's two crusades in this century to usher in a Brave New World. But his remark is relevant to the notion that the victory of Democracy requires the demise of Communism. Moscow and Peking may or may not believe that either they win or they die in their struggle with the West. In any case, Washington must reject such a simple view of the struggle if the free world and mankind are to prevail.

No one in the West argues that Communist China is on the verge of liberalization, although some exaggerate the danger of Peking's bellicosity. But liberal statesmen and observers have predicted the imminent "mellowing" of Bolshevik Russia on several occasions during the last forty-five years. And in the decade since Stalin's death, a number of distinguished students of the U.S.S.R. have argued that Khrushchev's regime is a transitional one. The long-promised liberalization is supposedly at hand. For educational and economic advances are said to herald the advent of a "mature," affluent and satiated society which will compel the Kremlin to relinquish its totalitarian control at home and abandon its expansionism abroad.

The wish has been father to the thought in much Western, and especially American political thinking, for many decades. And those commentators who have pointed out that the changes in Khrushchev's Russia have not altered the basic totalitarian characteristics of the Soviet system have had an uphill battle. Those observers who have reminded us of the distressing fact that the Nazis came to power in Germany and the Imperialists in Japan, both "educated" and industrialized nations, have not fared any better. The idea of inevitable progress dies hard, or not at all, in the minds and hearts of those who haven't learned anything from all the tragic events since 1914.

The story is largely the same when the subject turns to Soviet foreign policy. The optimists must surely admit, at least occasionally to themselves, that Khrushchev has been no more interested than Stalin in equitable settlements of outstanding issues in the Cold War. But mere differences of style and method in this realm as in that of Russian domestic affairs have persuaded many in the Establishment that the Kremlin is less expansionist now than in former times. Futile negotiations on Berlin, Germany, a complete and inspected nuclear test ban, and arms control suggest the reality of the situation.

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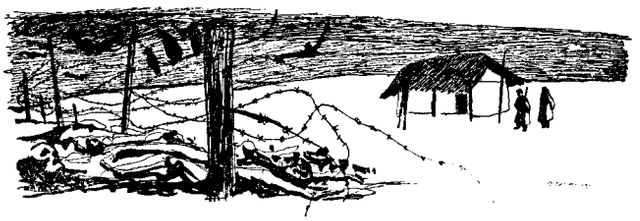
Impressed by these facts of persisting totalitarianism within Russia and the continuance of a Soviet hard-line in foreign policy, some critics of containment argue that the Iron and Bamboo Curtains must be "rolled back." In the words of Robert Strausz-Hupé and associates, the West's objective must be to make Communism "yield its stranglehold on its own peoples (and) turn its back on its designs for world conquest." Senator Goldwater asks rhetorically, *Why Not Victory?* Communism must go. Its leaders aren't going to commit political and intellectual suicide. *Ergo,* the West must assume the role of executioner.

This sort of forthright talk appeals to many Americans. Containment has not been uniformly successful, as attested to by the "loss" of China and Cuba, as well as many other less dramatic examples of Communist gains. But when one examines the specific recommendations of the advocates of "taking the offensive" in the Cold War, it is surely significant that they fall short of demanding direct American liberation of Cuba, much less of the Communist Eurasian heartland. One can agree with some of the critics' suggestions, such as the call for more realism and less sentimentality in this country's conduct of world affairs. But the conservatives apparently agree with Khrushchev that, while it would be nice to bury the enemy forthwith, it would be unpleasant to bury oneself as well in the process.

Now, it is of course possible that the Communist countries will one day change for the better in their policies at home and abroad. It is also possible that the dreaded nuclear Armageddon will occur. But if the former is unlikely in the foreseeable future, and the latter is viewed as something to be avoided save as a last resort, the West is compelled to consider what can be done under present and prospective circumstances. In short, if both the voluntary and involuntary demise of the Communist regimes in Russia and China are excluded from consideration, America and its Allies must face the long-term necessity of living with the Kremlin and Peking as they are.

H. B. WESTERFIELD has suggested that the West is confronted with the dilemma of trying both to contain Russia and allow it to mellow. If America and its Allies move to block the Soviet expansionist efforts, the Cold War is intensified, and Moscow puts the brakes on alleged liberalizing tendencies within Russia. Some have said that this pattern of reaction can be seen in the aftermath of the Cuban confrontation. On the other hand, if the West does not act to frustrate Communist aggrandizement, the appetites of the Kremlin (and of the Chinese regime) are whetted, and the possibility of movement toward world stability and internal mellowing is forestalled.



If one accepts the proposition that the United States and its Allies are responsible primarily for defending and developing the free world, and are not obligated or able to influence significantly internal developments in Russia and China, there is no dilemma. The West must maintain an adequate and balanced military posture in order to deter direct Communist aggression across the whole spectrum of conflict. America and its Allies must also be willing and able to engage Moscow and Peking in the diplomatic, economic, propaganda and other non-military realms of "competitive coexistence." Success in containing Russia and China over a long period of time should lessen rather than intensify the interest of the Kremlin and Peking in Communizing the globe.

This is not to say that Western efforts to broaden contacts with the rulers and peoples of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe should be abandoned. Cultural and educational exchanges, non-strategic trade and other measures could have some influence on internal developments in those Communist countries. These programs have already contributed to the loosening of Moscow's control of the satellites in the opinion of some observers. But "peaceful engagement" should be undertaken without great expectations that it will play a decisive role in shaping the evolution of the Communist Bloc. For the course of Russian and Chinese political life will be determined by Russians and Chinese, not by outsiders. Moreover, given the age-old traditions of absolutism in those nations, it is highly questionable whether they will develop along "liberal," Western lines in our time. The best that can reasonably be hoped for is almost certainly authoritarian as contrasted with totalitarian regimes.

America and its Allies must forestall Communist expansionist efforts today, tomorrow, and for the foreseeable future. And this must be done without any illusions regarding the imminence of either exhaustion or liberalization in Moscow and Peking. At the same time, the West has now again proven its willingness to negotiate regarding such territorial issues as Berlin and Germany, as well as on a nuclear test ban and arms control. The proposed treaty to "outlaw" tests in the atmosphere, in space and underwater demonstrates once again that agreements can be reached between competing powers solely on the basis of national interests and a prevailing balance of power.

Khrushchev's decision to accept an old American-British proposal for a limited and uninspected test ban is being interpreted in both euphoric and skeptical terms in the West. This observer shares the latter view,

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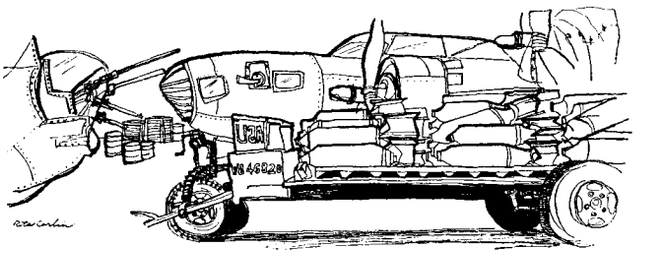
being impressed by, among other things, Hanson Baldwin's analysis of the military advantages the Soviet Union will gain through what is in effect only another moratorium. On the other hand, apart from the merits and defects of the proposed treaty, efforts to reach realistic agreements in the realms of a nuclear test ban and arms reductions must be made. For the American and Russian capabilities constitute a clear and present danger. This fact, rather than the forlorn hope that the accord among the U.S., U.K. and U.S.S.R. under consideration will prevent France, Communist China and other nations from joining the nuclear club, is the sensible rationale for sober and timely negotiations.

MANY WESTERN statesmen and observers have said that the Cold War will be won or lost in the "developing" areas of Asia, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. Adoption of democracy or Communism by these nations will determine the historical verdict. This cliché, like the one that "the United Nations is the last best hope for peace," has been repeated so many times that it has become an article of faith in certain quarters. Men as different as Dean Acheson and Senator Fulbright have had difficulty in being heard when they suggest that Europe is the decisive area of the struggle, and that the cohesion, strength and will of the Western world is the real hope for peace.

Either-or statements appeal to those who seek simple explanations and formulas for action. But they rarely adequately account for present-day complexities and the range of possible future developments. And on the basis of current trends, it seems more valid to suggest that most of the emerging nations will adopt neither Western nor Communist patterns of government, economics and society. The leaders of these countries are trying to organize their peoples along lines which respect indigenous traditions, and which borrow what they feel is most useful from both democratic and Communist systems. A distinct type of political-socio-economic Third Force, with of course variations, seems to be the pattern.

Most of the developing countries clearly are not interested in taking sides in the Cold War. Neutralism is dominant. This is understandable, and it can be argued is preferable, in many cases, to formal alignment with the West. Those liberals who somehow view neutralism as more moral than alliance with America doubtless go too far. But so do those conservatives who demand that everyone "stand up and be counted" in the Cold War. The merits of alliance or non-alignment must be judged in the light of each country's particular circumstances rather than on the basis of general principles.

Eugene Staley, Robert Heilbroner and others have pointed out that the process of development is going to be a long and difficult one. The situation is explosive



and revolutionary in the emerging areas, and is far more conducive to authoritarian than to democratic politics and government. The best that can be hoped for in many of these countries is some form of benevolent despotism. The West should try to assist those who are willing to help themselves, democratic and authoritarian, aligned and non-aligned alike. But America should abandon dreams about the inevitability of democracy sooner or later coming to the fore in the developing countries, as well as the myth that the Cold War will be won or lost in the southern part of the globe.

President Kennedy is currently encountering serious difficulties in his efforts to construct an Atlantic Partnership. This objective of his Grand Design in foreign affairs conflicts not only with de Gaulle's ideas on the proper relationship between Western Europe and North America, but also with the complex realities in free Europe and the Atlantic community. Two basic assumptions of Kennedy's strategy have been shown to be at odds with the facts. First, that a United States of Europe will be established in the near future, and second that America's Allies on the Old Continent are now content with this country's virtual monopoly of NATO's nuclear capability, and that they will remain so.

Hanson Baldwin has commented that the Administration's approach to these problems suffers from an old American penchant in world affairs, the effort to "make the facts fit the policy." The presently precarious shape of so-called "Operation Dumbbell" has produced strident new demands by Clarence Streit and his supporters for the immediate creation of an Atlantic Federation as the sole hope for the West and mankind. But if free Europe has not yet been able to work out its political unity, it is hardly realistic to expect the entire Western world to embrace federation at this time. The West can survive and prosper despite the present crazy-quilt pattern of organization, provided it is able to cooperate when the chips are down in relations with both the Communist bloc and the developing countries.

The realities of the interplay of ideas and interests in the West are incompatible with formulas such as a United States of Europe and Atlantic Partnership. An appreciation of the complex problems of the Grand Alliance and of Europe "at Sixes and Sevens" should en-

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able American statesmen and observers to modify equally easy expectations regarding the Communist Bloc and the emerging nations. It is long past time to reconsider Utopian ideas about the supposed inevitability of democratization, economic development, and peace-loving foreign policies in the Communist and emerging nations.

BEFORE 1914 it was intellectually respectable to believe that liberalism, cooperative nationalism, and material progress were the wave of the future in the West, and ultimately around a Europeanized globe. Thirty years later, in the midst of America's Second Crusade, it was at least equally reasonable for Carl Becker to ask *How New Will the Better World Be?* Another twenty years have passed and the Cold War continues unabated. It is surely necessary to abandon the notions that, whether through evolution or a crusade against the Communist Bloc, the long elusive Brave New World will finally be at hand.

The facts of the present and prospective future as well as of recent history are contrary to such romantic expectations. Within the Western world Grand Designs, both American and French, are notoriously difficult to achieve. Within the Communist bloc, nationalism, racism and other divisive factors have destroyed the facade of "monolithic unity." And in the vast developing areas, new and old nations are struggling to work their way forward to modernity, and are for the most part interested in the Cold War as a vehicle to further their national interests.

The world no longer revolves around America and Russia. Diversity and flexibility again characterize the nation-state system. In these complex circumstances, for Moscow, Washington or Peking to think of total victory or total defeat is simply foolish and dangerous. Neither Russia nor America is omnipotent. Moscow cannot dictate to Albania. Washington cannot, or at least feels it should not, control Cuba. Communist China will not be able to match the power of the United States and the Soviet Union for decades at best.

Some observers, seeking to order and simplify this disorderly and complicated world, preach the necessity of *World Peace Through World Law* in our time. But unhappily, technology has made the nations interdependent before the establishment of at least a pragmatic moral and political consensus around the globe.

Pope John's *Pacem in Terris* is more a new statement of an old vision of an ideal world community than a guide to immediate action. And it is as much a mistake for statesmen to be too far ahead of their time as it is to be behind it. The West must keep the door open for a better international system, rather than try to realize a supposedly permanent solution through world government.

Here and now and for the foreseeable future mankind is and will remain divided. Something like a golden age may lie ahead rather than behind us, but it is not visible on the horizon in the last half of the twentieth century. America needs a sense of history and an understanding of the diplomacy of accommodation as well as a conception of how it hopes the world will develop. We do not know how the non-Western areas are going to evolve. We do know that another crusade in the nuclear age would hardly usher in a better global order.

America's destiny in this era of crisis is neither to count on liberalization of the non-Western nations nor to seek the destruction of the Communist bloc. It is rather to play a leading role in the defense and development of the West and the free world, in a search for accommodations with the East, and in efforts to avoid a third world war. Achievement of these goals would constitute the only victory possible in the Cold War. "There are no final victories."

At a Rest Home

Thread through these trees
pollened and scented
old men in spring
go slightly demented
remembering mornings
of tempest and trial
groping to sort out
the past from the real
certain only
of tomorrow's denial.

Memories bunch
like skin at the throat,
and the world's final turn
turns the root to the branch,
and time is the wound
no surgeon can staunch.
Thread through the orchard
they breathe what they can,
leave what left them
out of their ken,
touch not the fruit,
that's how it began.

HERBERT A. KENNY

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A Place in the Country

The Great Land Swindle

LAWRENCE T. KING

DESPITE the accelerated trend in recent years toward urbanization, there is nothing to indicate that Americans have abandoned the traditional dream of owning "a place in the country." In fact, the flight to the city has been accompanied by a reverse movement—in unprecedented numbers—of city dwellers to rural areas.

The struggling writer who suddenly hits the jackpot with a best-seller, the Hollywood neophyte who becomes a box-office attraction, the industrialist or businessman who finds he has accumulated all sorts of ailments on his climb to the top—all seem to end up by sharing a common success symbol: a farm or ranch "where they can get away from it all." Of course, the state of agriculture being what it is today, a farm can be a definite financial asset to taxpayers in the higher income brackets. This mundane possibility, however, does not invalidate the appeal country living continues to exert on everyone from presidents to bootblacks.

Real estate operators have capitalized handsomely on this bucolic dream. The results of their activity can be seen in the transformation of pleasant, unspoiled rural areas near the large population centers into glorified subdivisions. It is not surprising that unscrupulous, "get-rich-quick" land speculators have also been attracted to the field in increasing numbers. Content to let the long-established, reputable brokers handle the needs of the well-heeled, the new breed of wildcat promotor has aimed his pitch at the millions of Americans who apparently have been content to live with their dreams of a country home without ever doing much about it. By making the transition from dream to reality appear as simple and painless as possible—small down payments, low monthly installments and prices that seem ridiculously low to city dwellers—the promoter has succeeded in developing an entirely new and lucrative market in real estate.

The most amazing thing about the entire business is the fact that the promoter has been able to pull it all off without ever having set eyes upon his prospective clients. It has been accomplished by the judicious use of high-powered advertising in reputable newspapers and magazines, followed up by direct mail campaigns employing a degree of depth psychology that would do justice to the best Madison Avenue persuaders.

After the client has been softened up by glowing ads and the expensively printed four-color brochures, all he has to do is fill out and sign a short form, which is a legal contract, enclose it in self-addressed envelope together with a check or money order covering the down payment and sit back and wait for the deed and map of his "place in the country" to arrive in the mail. What could be easier?

WHILE appealing strongly to "back to nature" instincts, these promotional campaigns adroitly exploit the fears engendered by the "population explosion." They extol the beauties of country life—"gently rolling land awaiting only your touch to produce luscious fruits and vegetables . . . gurgling streams and gleaming lakes teeming with bass and trout . . . magnificent eighteen-hole golf courses. . . ." They also include charts showing the tremendous population growth of the states in which they operate and statistics detailing the phenomenal increase in land prices over the past ten years. All this is presented with an air of breathless urgency: "Act now, while choice lots are still available —tomorrow may be too late."

People who have lived in crowded cities all their lives are natural foils for this sort of thing, for they have little conception of the vastness—and emptiness—of much of the country. And residents of such states as California, Arizona and Florida, where the land boom continues, are equally susceptible, for they have seen land offered for sale at fifty dollars an acre before World War II now bringing as much as ten thousand dollars.

What they don't realize, of course, is that most acreage with growth possibilities is already in the hands of speculators and that the land offered by the mail-order sellers is marginal or undeveloped land in areas of low growth potential. If they could take the time and effort to visit these new developments, they would find acreage available in the same areas as low as one-tenth the price being asked by the big promoters.

Such an approach, however, requires more time and energy than the average mail-order land buyer is willing to expend. It is this inertia which plays right into the hands of the shady operators, who know from past experience that few buyers actually are ready to move onto their home sites immediately. Most wait a year or two before making the move; by that time, the buyer

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has either paid for the lot in full or paid enough on it to resent the idea of losing it—and his money—through default.

This year, the U.S. Commerce Department estimates, Americans will pay out $700,000,000 for land or home sites on a "sight-unseen" basis. The Florida Real Estate Commission reports that more than four hundred promoters and developers are now engaged in sales of this sort within the state. During the past eighteen months, six hundred separate developments—they are usually called "planned rural communities"—have been plotted out of the Arizona desert. California, the Pacific Northwest, Nevada, New Mexico and even Hawaii also have become the happy selling grounds of these new land promoters. The mail-order business indeed has come of age!

IN A BUSINESS of this type, it is difficult to separate the shady dealers from the legitimate operators who have branched out into mail-order selling from their long-established land brokerage concerns. Authorities estimate that eighty-five percent of these dealers are completely legitimate and give a fair value for money received, but some of the biggest promoters are included in the category of the fifteen percent who are less than honest.

The subject got a thorough going-over at the recent Conference of Western State Governors. Before passing resolutions calling for coordinated state action and new federal legislation to deal with the problem, the governors received a revealing state-by-state briefing.

Arizona submitted as its Exhibit A the case of a Florida-based company which had "gone West" to develop 10,880 acres of desert land in Mohave County. The company's advertising pulled out all the stops in describing the beauties of its "king-size western estates . . . with roads and electricity, water and phones available." When the Arizona Real Estate Commission looked into this glowing community, it found out that the roads were merely paths cut through the sagebrush by a bulldozer, water was *available* twelve miles from the center of the development, and the nearest phone and electricity lines were six miles away. Yet the company succeeded in selling four thousand lots.

New Mexico came up with an interesting case involving the "bait and switch" technique. An Albuquerque firm promoted three of its developments at major state and county fairs across the nation by setting up booths and handing out free tickets on the chance of winning a home site. Just about everyone who placed his ticket in the drawing box soon received a letter informing him that he had won a lot; all he had to do was send a check for $49.50 within ten days to cover legal and closing costs—and the lot was his.

After his check was received and safely deposited, the "winner" was then informed by a salesman that county regulation prohibited the placement of a water system and a septic tank on the same quarter-acre lot, a problem that could be solved simply by buying an adjoining lot. Rather than lose his $49.50, the "winner" usually went along with the suggestion.

The lots, incidentally, are located in an area of volcanic ash where water is virtually unobtainable and where heavy snows render the roads impassable four months out of the year. Nevertheless, the company did a million-dollar business in 1962, selling 1,027 lots outright through its fair booth salesmen and another 11,293 through the "bait and switch" technique. This success story, however, may end on a dismal note. Early in May, a federal grand jury indicted the company's three top officers on twenty counts of mail fraud.

The most ambitious project described to the governors was one involving subdivision of Nevada's 226,000-acre Gamble Ranch. Using the full promotional gamut—full-page ads, radio and television commercials, brochures and frequent mail follow-ups—the Gamble Ranch Development Corp. succeeded in selling $6,000,000 worth of lots over a three-year period before California authorities, goaded into action by an ever increasing stream of complaints from buyers, enjoined the corporation from advertising in the state.

Worried about the effect of this adverse publicity, the corporation sold out to three prominent Los Angeles businessmen who had acquired considerable affluence in a wide range of business and industrial enterprises. The three formed a new corporation and took up the campaign where the former developers left off. In nine months, sales soared past $5,700,000. There was one minor problem, however: the Gamble venture was purchased on a short-term note arrangement whereas sale of the lots was amortized over a number of years. This meant that payments were coming in at a slower rate than they were going out. The new corporation decided on a public stock offering to raise a total of $2,500,000.

In late 1961, a prospectus was duly filed with the Security and Exchange Commission describing the land as undeveloped, without sewage disposal facilities, roads and utilities, and admitting that it might not be economically feasible to drill for water on 126,000 acres of the development. A copy of this prospectus fell into the hands of the California Real Estate Commission, which was quick to notice the discrepancies in its legal description and the idyllic advertising claims. An order was issued halting advertising and sales of Gamble acreage in California.

The corporation's chief attorney maintains that the firm has done nothing illegal and was merely following accepted procedures in the promotion and sale of its acreage. "The California Real Estate Commission's charges," he says, "reflect a misunderstanding. This is just a difference in two political philosophies."

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IT IS UNFORTUNATE that the attorney did not shed more light on this point. In dismissing the state's action in this manner, he was just following the example of those public servants who yell "politics" to arouse public sympathy whenever they are caught with their hands in the till. This case, however, does involve a definite clash of political philosophies; and it would have been enlightening for everyone concerned to have it spelled out in more detail.

In a society that puts a premium on material success and where the pursuit of wealth is a national preoccupation, it is not surprising that there persists a strong conviction—especially among those in the top economic stratum—that the business of buying and selling is a private matter. Under this view, governmental intervention must be opposed at all costs because it stifles individual enterprise and initiative.

When the state of New Jersey, for example, issued a cease-and-desist order against one of the nation's largest land promoters on the grounds of misleading advertising, the corporation's vice president told a reporter: "Cease-and-desist orders don't mean a damn thing. They're just a formality." In a few states, flouting of such orders can lead to institution of formal charges of a criminal nature; but most states—including Florida—are powerless to take any legal action at all because of the absence of adequate state legislation. The fast-buck boys are determined to keep it that way by pious professions of faith in what they call the "free enterprise system."

It is interesting to note that real estate commissioners of states with nonexistent or ineffectual laws for dealing with fraudulent land sales are loudest in their demands for stronger federal action to deal with the problem. At a recent hearing before the U.S. Senate Committee on Aging—the nation's seventeen million retired persons are a prime target of the land promoters—J. Fred Talley of the Arizona Real Estate Commission led a group from Senator Barry Goldwater's citadel of conservatism to plead for federal regulation of interstate land selling operations. He proposed policing of these transactions by the Security and Exchange Commission.

In his favor, it must be admitted that interstate problems can best be solved on the national level. At the same time, appeals of this sort constitute an open admission that the enlargement of federal involvement is the direct result of failure on the part of lower governmental bodies to adequately protect the interests of their citizens. In enacting stronger federal laws to deal with the problem—a course that seems inevitable—Congressmen might well ask the proponents of states' rights and the opponents of "excess domination of federal power": What have the private real estate associations done to police their own ranks and what steps have been taken by cities, counties and states to deal with misrepresentation and outright fraud in land transactions? The answers would certainly clarify the unending debate on the "difference in two political philosophies."

In the meantime, while the states continue to issue cease-and-desist orders—which may or may not be heeded—federal agencies are going about their work under existing statutes. At this writing, federal grand juries in Phoenix and Albuquerque have indicted the officers of two large firms on charges of using the mails to defraud. The Post Office Department is investigating complaints against 134 other firms. The Justice Department is waiting to present the completed evidence to grand juries, which will have an unprecedented opportunity to delve further into the political aspects of *caveat emptor.*

THE SCREEN

Foreign Climes, Foreign Crimes

THE ARM-CHAIR traveler who goes to foreign movies to see the world may not always like what he sees when he gets there, but he does pick up, if the films are any good, a feel of people and place. His movie-acquired background is often one-sided and controlled by what the director wants him to see, but the persistent viewer of foreign pictures will eventually gain a whole perspective. While our viewer of recent imports isn't likely to be left in a happy frame of mind, he will find enough in these movies to make the trip worth the effort.

Telling a modern Gothic tale about a school girl who visits her mother and aunt for the summer and discovers that the hidden prisoner in the attic of their old house is not a shameful "monster" but another aunt, "Hand in the Trap" isn't likely to win you to small town life in Argentina. Some years ago, the aunt in the attic was a too easy conquest for a wealthy playboy, and ever since he jilted her at the altar, she's been in hiding. Now the young girl (Elsa Daniel) falls for the same still-handsome-though-older playboy (Francisco Rabal) and when he sets her up as his mistress in a Buenos Aires apartment, she realizes she's starting the pattern all over again. To paraphrase St. Augustine: if you put your hand in a trap, you carry the trap around forever. While this is a sound moral position, the film itself is rather silly and is mainly concerned amidst all the Gothic trappings with Argentinian caste, pride, and archaic rules of conduct. This is the third film of director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson that I've seen. The other two, "End of Innocence" and "Summerskin," were also about young girls and older men. I'm beginning to wonder if this Argentine director, who catches his country's locales and mores well, hasn't been over-estimated as an original and artistic film maker.

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WELL DESERVING of the praise he has received abroad, English director Lindsay Anderson, experienced in documentary films and in the theater, indeed shows originality and artistry in his first feature movie, "This Sporting Life." Although this movie, about a tough rugby player who pushes his way to the top only to find the top as sour as the way, is too violent for my tastes, I have great admiration for the film-making. Everyone connected with the picture deserves applause: Karel Reisz for his fine production with its excellent black-and-white photography of a northern English city, David Storey for his moving, uncompromising script based on his own novel, Lindsay Anderson for his imaginative-realistic direction of a superb cast.

The non-hero of "This Sporting Life" is another angry young man, but director Anderson and Richard Harris, who plays this lead role so effectively, succeed in giving some meaning to Frank Machin, the uncouth brute fighting for recognition, love, success, and a modicum of happiness. Rugged, muscular Harris is excellent as the determined rugby player, and he gives the man some depth and even sensitivity that put Frank Machin several notches above O'Neill's Hairy Ape. Also giving a fine performance is Rachel Roberts as Frank's landlady, a widow whose unhappy marriage has made her bitter; she gives herself to Frank physically, but still holds herself aloof and refuses to marry him—all of which only adds to his other frustrations.

As interesting as it is, the plot is not the main thing in "This Sporting Life." Characterization is foremost, and the film is crowded with well-played small roles that add to its richness. But in developing the leading and minor characters, director Anderson keeps his viewers on their toes—not only in the skillfully directed rugby and locker-room scenes and brawls (most of which I found overly violent, especially the opening shots of Frank getting his front teeth knocked out) but also in a series of flashbacks which build up bit by bit to reveal what gives with Frank and the widow and their associates. These flashbacks, however, do not turn up in chronological order, and the viewer is expected to think and work to put them in their proper perspective. "This Sporting Life" is worth the effort. It's not a pretty picture. Its views of the English city are on the grubby side, and its final scenes are certainly downbeat. But this is a thoughtful film, one that will stay with you a long time.

ANOTHER grim view of life displayed by another young director with a flare for inventive cinema can be seen in "The Sound of Trumpets." Written and directed by Italy's Ermanno Olmi, this touching film follows the early career of a shy young man who comes to Milan from a suburban village to take examinations for a job as a clerk. We are shown some of Milan, the boy and other candidates taking the exams, the attractive girl he meets and becomes friendly with, and then the offices themselves where these two finally land positions. At first the young fellow only gets a job as sort of an office boy, and the camera follows him on his new routine, rather dull really, but he finds it interesting as he learns to know new people, as he goes to the office party, as he eventually gets a clerk's job when a co-worker dies.

Although "The Sound of Trumpets" is rather strangely edited (perhaps it's been cut for American audiences), director Olmi tells his slight story in such interesting cinema and with such good satirical humor that even the drab, realistic details become fascinating. Sandro Panzeri, as the central character, and Loredana Detto, as the girl he meets, are charming. And Olmi lets us get to know the minor characters who come to life even in all their dullness. At times "The Sound of Trumpets" is reminiscent of King Vidor's "The Crowd" which startled moviegoers in 1928 with its man-as-a-cog theme. The ending of the Italian picture is heart-breaking: after we have come to know and like this young man, he winds up with a routine, lifelong clerk's job at a row of desks. He's content. And we hear the sound of mimeograph machines clicking away.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

The Rock Book

Storrs, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS: . . . I think Dr. Ratner's article [July 5] is the best I have seen anywhere on this subject. In particular, he puts his finger on the crux of the problem in revealing Dr. Rock's "scientific attitude" for what it really is—a scientism which can be accurately compared to that of the concentration camp experimenters of Nazi Germany. Whenever the good of the state, or even of the human race, is considered more important than the moral integrity and physical good of *any* particular human being, including human embryos or desperate patients (or indigent Puerto Ricans, for example, upon whom the Pill was tested), the welfare of mankind is in serious danger. We Catholics should be the first to recognize and decry this kind of diabolism.

Furthermore, long before I read this article, and without ever having heard of the book by Dr. Benedek and Rubenstein which Dr. Ratner refers to, I knew from my own experience (as most perceptive women must also know) that "the relation between ovarian function and psychodynamic processes" is very important to a woman's personality. That the Pill would

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"flatten her womanliness" is a mild way of expressing the horror of this worst yet of all contraceptives. To put it more vividly, how many men would like to be chemically castrated for the sake of their wives?

That there is a world population problem cannot be denied. And that there is an acute moral crisis for many Catholic couples, too, is obvious. I agree with Michael Novak that married laymen need to speak out on this problem. But, as a woman and as a convert to Catholicism (from Planned Parenthood thinking and upbringing), I would like to question or at least clarify some of his statements.

First of all, the Church's position on the immorality of contraception and the value of responsible parenthood through *self*-control is based on far more than outmoded theology. It involves an appreciation for the dignity of women and the beauty of sexual love in marriage which is inevitably destroyed to some extent by any mechanical devices. Even such diverse (and definitely non-Catholic!) writers as Norman Mailer (in *The Realist*), D. H. Lawrence, and Philip Roth (*Letting Go* speaks for itself) have recognized this. Planned Parenthood social workers, too, attest to the natural distaste of their clients for various contraceptives (see *Best Articles and Stories,* Feb. 1961, and my letter to the editors, May 1961). If an accurate poll could be taken I suspect that an overwhelming world-wide majority (including those now using contraceptives) would prefer the rhythm system if they could be sure of its reliability.

But the Planned Parenthood Association and most doctors have actually done all they can to make rhythm seem ineffective. In the experiments with a counting-bead device in India, for example, they all but insured failure by marking only four fertile days. Doctors in this country, even the Catholic doctors, virtually assume that rhythm won't work, and misconceptions about methods of determining "safe" days are cruelly widespread.

On the other hand, I think Catholic theologians, too, have been misled into thinking that 80 per cent of couples should be able to practice rhythm without serious difficulty. The truth is that the abstinence required of married couples may be for some people at some times even more difficult than the total abstinence required of those in religious life (or in the single life, for that matter). Not only is it sometimes required for months, as after the birth of a child or during and after nursing, but also for as much as two to three weeks at a time every month—all special occasions like wedding anniversaries, etc., notwithstanding. There should be no need to detail why the "pitch of moral crisis" is so great for some people. What is needed is a new awareness on the part of theologians, and a new emphasis in their teaching, that when "supernaturally prudent" reasons (to use Fr. Sattler's phrase) exist for limiting the family at least temporarily, an "habitual right intention" (see Daniel Planque, *The Theology of Sex in Marriage,* Chap. II) may preclude *serious* sin.

Most theologians do not seem to take sufficient account of the fact that it may take years for some people to achieve perfect self-control without going to such deadly (to marital love) extremes as sleeping in separate beds and avoiding each other's presence all day long. The very people who have the best reasons for family limitation may be psychologically unable to achieve immediate self-control because of the nervous tension of financial or physical strain. Or one spouse may be much less willing or able to make the necessary sacrifices. Pius XI provided a basis for this kind of theological reasoning when he wrote in his encyclical *On Christian Marriage,* "Holy Church knows well that not infrequently one of the parties is sinned against rather than sinning, when for a grave cause he or she reluctantly allows the perversion of the right order. In such a case, there is no sin, provided that, mindful of the law of charity, he or she does not neglect to seek to dissuade and to deter the partner from sin."

But this is a very different thing than condoning any form of deliberate contraception. And, in the long run, the acceptance of the principle of self-control in marital relations and the sincere attempt to practice it contributes to mutual respect and to the harmonious and joyful development of all relationships between husband and wife. Mutual sacrifice and even mutual suffering are just as valuable to the liturgy of love (a far better phrase than the "liturgy of sex"—ugh), but that fact is a little bit more difficult to perceive. Furthermore, the difficulty of the rhythm system insures that a conscientious Christian couple will *have* to give sufficient thought to the supernatural value of their reasons for postponing pregnancy.

There are all sorts of advantages, including intellectual ones, in a large family, which many modern Catholics don't give themselves a chance to find out about. A certain amount of hardship may be the indispensable stimulus to a husband's professional development, or to the children's ability to think and work with independence, imagination, and maturity. . . .

The distinction which Fr. Sattler makes between worldly and supernatural prudence was made by Christ also in the Gospel of St. Luke, Chapter 14. He uses as examples the man who wants to build a tower who must "first sit down and count the cost to see if he has enough to complete it," and the king waging war who must "first sit down and consider whether with ten thousand men he can stand up to the one advancing . . . with twenty thousand." And then, contrary to worldly expectation, He goes on, "So in the same way, anyone of you who does not renounce all his possessions cannot be my disciple. Salt is a useful thing. But if salt

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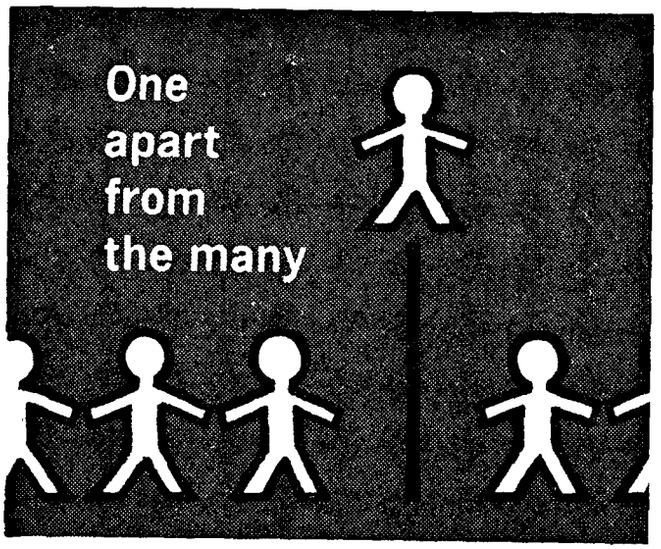

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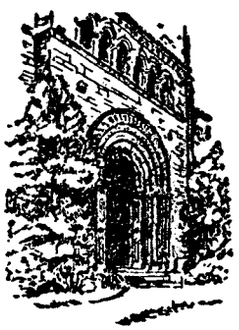

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loses its taste, what can season it again? . . . He that has ears to hear with, let him hear."

In the final analysis, the size of any family is "nobody else's business." But excessive self-pity for the difficulties involved in being a Catholic is no help to anyone. We only discover the meaning of our faith by living it, with patience and humility. I hope Dr. Ratner's article will be closely read by all Americans.

(MRS.) RUTH B. MOYNIHAN

Palo Alto, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Undoubtedly, many of your readers will point out that the statement made by Dr. Ratner: "Catholics are numbered among . . . those who recognize the human fetus to be a human being throughout development" is not entirely correct. Most of the great Latin and medieval doctors held that the rational soul was not infused into the embryo until certain stages of its development had been completed. I think it is pertinent to point out that there is no "traditional" position regarding the humanity of a fertilized ovum. The Church's position on the immorality of abortion seems to arise from the fact that the fertilized ovum *may* be human, and therefore it would be rash to treat it simply as a non-human organism.

It seems that the judgment that Dr. Rock performed "lethal human experimentation" in his work on fertilized ova is perhaps somewhat less certain than Dr. Ratner implies. It appears a very harsh judgment to make, in the light of the little we know about human ontogeny. Further, very few Catholic moralists have any objection to a pregnant woman undergoing an hysterectomy if the uterus is in some way diseased, so I do not understand why Dr. Ratner seems to find the use of embryos obtained in this manner objectionable.

Also, I believe that Dr. Ratner is guilty of a real breach of courtesy when he implies that Dr. Rock's authority concerning the medical value of the contraceptive drugs is less than entirely professional. Dr. Rock is a recognized authority in the field of fertility research, and it is hard to believe that he would let personal considerations influence the objectivity that is the single most important characteristic of the research scientist. His reputation among his peers speaks for itself.

Finally, the assurance with which Dr. Ratner states that "the Pill . . . has caused deaths and heartbreaking medical complications" is astonishing to one who is under the impression that the research on this question has at present yielded no such positive results. The investigation which the AMA undertook (and which was conducted without personal or commercial bias), to relate the ingestion of the drug to an increased incidence of thrombophlebitis, was, at the worst, inconclusive. Most physicians will advise caution in the use of these drugs, not because they are immediately harmful, but

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because their long-term effects are simply unknown.

I do not consider myself competent to write about the morality of the drug, or even of the general question of the morality of contraception. But I would like to call attention to some statements made recently in the pages of your journal, and which could be misleading if not further clarified. First (and pardon me if I sound like a crabbed old scholastic), I take exception to Father Sattler's (April 26) mention of "the right to exist." This particularly unfortunate expression should be laid to rest. That which does not exist has no rights (or anything else). If there are natural law arguments against contraception, they are centered on the nature of the conjugal act itself, and not in specious verbalization that tends to weaken our respect for natural law ethics.

Second, and also reported in your April 26 issue, I must object to Bishop Bekkers' implication that perfection is not to be expected from most of the married laity. His position is well meant, but dangerous. The married state is a sacramental state (which the religious is not). Any failure of a married couple to attain perfection in the practice of their married vocation must be considered *their* failure, not God's. However, we have yet to determine theologically *what* constitutes the perfect fulfillment of a married vocation, except in a most general, vague way.

Since this scarcity of competent marriage theology is a real misfortune. I agree with Mr. Novak (letter, July 5), that the married laity should be publishing more marriage theology. Theirs is the experience of conjugal love, and theirs alone is the sacramental grace of matrimony. Probably, no unmarried person could make the contribution to marriage theology that could be made by an adequately trained married theologian.

Unfortunately, the first problem that confronts a theologically aware married layman is the sad fact that too many virtuous Christian couples are presently torn between the demands of justice and of physical desire. One can hardly believe that this is the way married life could or should be. One is tempted to deny the integrity of human nature, by implying that normal physical desire is really lust, or to deny the efficacy of grace, by concluding that *these* Christians do not have a vocation to perfection. Both these solutions seem heretical, however, so it appears that an inquiry must be made into the natural law foundations for the doctrines relating to the morality of procreation, with special attention given to the understanding of the nature and principal end of the conjugal act. It is possible to make such an inquiry, and it might be worthwhile, but it would probably be extremely controversial. One result of this situation may well be that many Catholic lay people have voluntarily silenced themselves, rather than embark on an undertaking so novel, difficult and dangerous.

(Mrs.) Anna Longwell

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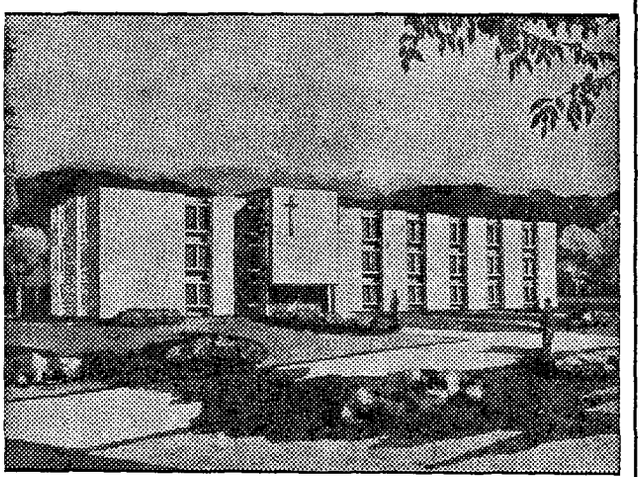

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Ireland's Blend of the Comic and the Serious

The Irish Comic Tradition. By Vivian Mercier. Oxford. $6.75.

by Richard M. Ohmann

BESIDES trouble, the English gave the Irish a language. That act of munificence proved an investment, repaid during the past seventy-five years by a remarkable Irish contribution to "English" literature. The greatest British poet, the greatest British playwright, and the greatest British novelist of our century, many would say, are Yeats, Shaw, and Joyce: all Irishmen, at least by birth and education. And, to put it another way, what would be left of the modern British drama without Shaw, Wilde, Synge, O'Casey, and Yeats, not to mention the more anomalous Beckett and Behan? Add to these names those of Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, James Stephens, Frank O'Connor, Lady Gregory, "A. E.," George Moore, Denis Johnston, and others, and you have what must surely be one of the oddest patches in the whole sociology of literature.

Here is a country with a declining population of three million, poor, ill-educated, politically and economically oppressed until 1921, dominated by censorship and various forms of anti-intellectualism, speaking an alien language—and nonetheless scattering memorable writers broadcast. What explains this phenomenon?

The question has no simple answer, but one of the virtues of Vivian Mercier's new book is that it dispels at least some of the perplexity. Behind the Irish literature written in English, of course, lies an ancient tradition of literature in Gaelic, which flourished as late as the eighteenth century. This literature is known to few readers of Swift, Yeats, and Joyce (translations are few, good ones quite rare), and those writers themselves had but scanty direct contact with it. Yet it can hardly have failed to leave its mark on the work of Irishmen writing in English, though what that influence is, and what the mechanism of transmission, are matters very little explored.

We have heard, *ad nauseam*, of Celtic twilight and leprechauns, but surely the peculiar vitality of Anglo-Irish writing goes beyond such clichés. In concentrating on the comic, Mercier touches a far more sensitive spot; for what is more apparent than the precarious blend of the comic and the serious which is the special grace of so much Anglo-Irish literature?

It is Mercier's contention that "an unbroken comic tradition may be traced in Irish literature from approximately the ninth century down to the present day," and that a great deal of what we value in Swift, Shaw, Joyce, O'Casey, Synge, O'Connor, and the rest has its origins in that tradition. To be sure, there are difficulties in the theory, readily acknowledged by Mercier. Since few of the best latter-day Irish writers have known more than a smattering of Gaelic, and since in any case older Irish literature was primarily oral, it is hard to prove anything like a series of clear continuities from one language to the other. But the book does make it apparent that forms of the comic present from the beginnings of recorded Irish literature have modern parallels which are more than chance.

Each of Mercier's categories—fantasy, macabre and grotesque humor, wit and word play, satire, and parody—seems to be managed similarly both early and late, and in both languages. Especially illuminating is his treatment of Gaelic ribaldry, word-play and parody, long before Joyce cornered the market on these activities.

But many of the particular connections Mercier makes are at best tenuous; nor is his anatomy of the comic distinguished by theoretical elegance. In the long run, the value of this book is likely to rest instead upon its survey of a rich comic literature unfamiliar to most of us, and in large part inaccessible. The spectacle of the boy-hero Cuchulain challenging the heroes of Emain but confounded by the bare breasts of their wives; the story of Conan, buffoon among the heroes of the Finn Cycle, who pursues a deceptive succubus into the jaws of a terrible beast, only to awake and find the cat licking his face; the tales of absurd and tricky gods; the joyful and flamboyant invective satires (personal rather than social, as a rule); the exuberant mixture of fertility with death and of humor with both in the wake games—these are worth encountering for their own sakes.

And this material amply documents a secondary point of Mercier's, which is of at least as great interest as his main one: that the comic modes, far from being the achievement and distinguishing mark of literate and civilized cultures, as George Meredith argued, often make their appearance at the very beginning, inseparably linked to the religious, the mythic, the magical, and the heroic. One can hardly escape the conclusion that, in the Irish tradition anyhow, laughter is the inevitable accompaniment of the sacred and the serious, which no sooner become

A Statement by the Editor

In our issue of March 8, 1963 there appeared a review by Daniel M. Friedenberg of the book by Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith, *The Fourth Floor*. Mr. Smith believes that the review cast aspersions upon his character and good name, and that snide and improper inferences were drawn from facts he deems incorrectly stated or distorted. This caused us to reread the review of Mr. Smith's book. We consider the review to be critical of the book, but we do not regard it as in any way critical of Mr. Smith's character and good name. Rather we think the review would be considered fair comment on a public issue. Nonetheless, in the spirit of fairness, we wish to affirm publicly that no aspersions upon Mr. Smith's character and good name were intended. With this statement, both Mr. Earl E. T. Smith and The Commonweal consider the matter closed.

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established than they begin to incorporate playful self-parody.

Mercier's study suggests that the Irish have never been strong on preserving rigid distinctions between serious concerns and their comic antitheses. The hero may always turn into a butt or a trickster, the supernatural is touched with slapstick, death begets ribaldry, and pride falls before irreverent satire. At the roots of the Irish temperament there seems to be a fine sense of anticlimax and ironic metamorphosis, which, coupled with a playful attitude to language, may go a long way toward accounting for the seriocomic virtuosity of modern Irish literature.

Adrift in Mexico

Where's Annie? By Eileen Bassing. Random House. $5.95.

by Corinne Robins

A NOVEL on the low level of *Where's Annie?* raises disturbing questions about the standards of reputable publishers and book clubs. Set in a Mexican village, the book deals with such topical matters as drug addiction, jazz, homosexuality and the expatriate life. *Where's Annie?* is seen primarily through the eyes of a middle-aged woman novelist and (I would guess) is aimed at middle-aged ladies living in the suburbs, trying to keep up. On the strength of its subject matter, it is being sold as a straight novel of expatriate life, yet with a little sharpening, *Where's Annie?* could pass for a parody of some fairly recent serious fiction.

The book's central character is a novelist named Victoria who wears ear-plugs most of the time, has had three husbands, has a lot of "Russian" soul in her, and is rather confused by the incomprehensible jargon of the younger generation. Thus the ear-plugs? Well, no: Victoria is remote, moody and At Work. However, during the course of the book Victoria removes the plugs long enough to nurse a painter through a serious case of malaria, save a retired admiral from drowning, witness an addict's death and resist the passionate entreaties of a Mexican doctor. The rest of the characters talk to each other, more or less. But Vicky reacts only to people's inner needs. Mexicans and hopheads alike respond to her directness and, according to the author, the tolerant, drugged younger generation adopts her as "an original."

Where's Annie?'s other familiar characters include a bi-sexual painter, a mediocre jazz musician and several species of assorted drug addicts. Thus, draped in Mrs. Bassing's overwrought prose, the junkie has come to the suburbs. The book does indicate a competent job of research. Two chapters, "Charles" and "The Beautiful People," constitute effective, second-hand reporting and are far and away the best in the book. Yet it is precisely these two chapters which are the give-away: the truth even second-hand, shines through the false surface.

Now, there are plenty of bad, boring and slick novels around, but what makes *Where's Annie?* a cut worse is that it capitalizes on the sufferings of the sick in a sick world, introducing it as a new type of local color for women's fiction, and earning its author her reward: a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The novel presumably was chosen for wide, middle-brow circulation on the strength of its honesty and novelty. The author's resolute dislike of Mexico and things Mexican therefore has to be examined.

According to the book jacket, Mrs. Bassing lived three years in Mexico. Hordes of American tourists are going there and spending great amounts of time and money these days; Mrs. Bassing believes this is a bad thing. In the interest of underlining her implicit moral, "Yankees,

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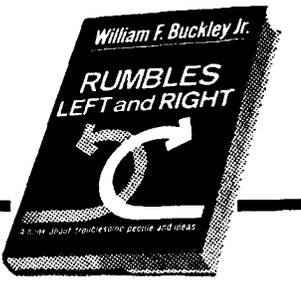

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Go Home," the book's characters inhabit a Mexican village noteworthy because the plumbing is better than in most, "due to the many Americans living there." The village is given the name of San Miguel de Allende. It should not, however, be confused with the real village of San Miguel de Allende, which a few years ago was declared a national monument by the Mexican government because its churches and cobbled streets were felt to embody a certain type of old and special beauty. Near San Miguel is the town of Guanajuato whose Art Nouveau-Wizard of Oz architecture would seem to represent a wholly different aspect of Mexican culture and a unique kind of fantasy. Yet for readers of *Where's Annie?* "all Mexican villages are alike"; they offer the incessant sound of Ranchero music, dirty and ignorant natives and a wide-open territory for drug addicts.

The last is in keeping with the distortions the book abounds in. The fact is that the possession of marijuana and heroin is no more legal in Mexico than in the United States; crackdowns by the Mexican police are frequent. This is just one example of the difference between the real Mexico and Mrs. Bassing's never-never world. Eileen Bassing's exotic land has neither charm, nor much natural beauty to recommend it, but *Where's Annie?* will at least let them know in Scarsdale what a marijuana "high" feels like, and how to prepare a heroin injection. Is such miscellaneous information a new criterion for middle-class fiction? Part of the Book-of-the-Month's "Family Read-in Plan?" Does our new Good Taste amount to smut and lies in a clean jacket, dressed up for wide, family-type circulation?

Southern Guilt

A Buried Land. By Madison Jones. Viking. $4.95.

by Michele Murray

ONCE AGAIN we have the changing South, the small town, violence, the bungled abortion, the liberal lawyer, the theme of guilt following a man until . . . well, for the precise details of the inevitable conclusion one must read *A Buried Land.* There is only the slowly gathering momentum of the plot to keep one going once the book is begun. For the rest, there is the sad, necessary lament: much good, gone astray.

Clearly, Madison Jones believed that his tale of guilt and retribution set against the dramatically changing background of a Tennessee town and valley destroyed and reborn through TVA, would result in a powerful novel illuminating a major theme. Unfortunately, as the theme is presented, its power is dissipated, first, by the rather quiet, matter-of-fact tone of the telling, a far cry from the hallucinatory effects of a Melville or Dostoevsky dealing with the same theme, and second, because of the insistent flatness of the characters, the way they are seen in their most commonplace aspects.

For example, a brief seduction which precedes an abortion and death is described in this way: "He held her only the tighter, imagining now that she had just yielded something more to him. . . . The fact that she felt stiff to his touch only incensed him the more. . . . He put his hand on her other cheek and turned her face around to him. . . . That throbbing was not in her cheek, it was in his hand. Remembering how her lips were painted, he put his mouth to hers. There was not much strength in the arms she opposed to him."

Nor does the remainder of the book rise above this. The hero, Percy Youngblood, at war with his proud mountaineer father over the TVA, which inundates their land, is a mildly intelligent young man, the protegé of a liberal lawyer, from whom he learns to trust the power of the future to change and improve their backward valley. Yet, nowhere in the book does one have a sense that Percy's belief in this future is particularly strong; it seems to be nothing more than the refuge of an eager young man, brighter than those to whom he is attached by birth, who wishes to escape the bondage of habit and tradition without quite knowing what he is going to escape *to.* This fatal weakness turns him from a would-be protagonist of a spiritual

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—from the February 15th issue

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drama to a cork bobbing helplessly on the ocean of his fate.

If there were any chance for him to cut loose from the familiar, it is lost when he and his friend Jesse, finding themselves with a dying girl on their hands after their trip to a quack abortionist, decide to bury her in the old Youngblood family cemetery, from which the coffins have been removed prior to the flooding of the entire valley. As the waters rise to cover the body and endow the town of Warrington with a future, Percy believes his guilt will vanish and leave him free.

With no sense of surprise, we learn that this guilt is not so easily shaken off. It follows him through college, law school and military service, to be finally erased, he believes, when he is badly wounded in action. It is not, of course, and his return to Warrington to take up the practice of law in the thriving, changed town, precipitates him into tighter and tighter nets of guilt and terror.

The dead girl's brother, a wild, subnormal mountaineer whose single human passion had been love for his sister, kills Jesse, whom he has long suspected in connection with his sister's disappearance, thus adding to the burden Percy must carry. Faltering, crumbling, his behavior grows more and more erratic as he comes increasingly to live in a world ruled by his guilt-swollen fantasies and suppositions, until finally, his entire life collapses around him in the predictable end.

Predictable—perhaps that is finally what is wrong with *A Buried Land*, despite its fine evocation of the countryside, its nicely-spun plot. Everything is predictable, the sense of discovery is lacking, and with it any profound interest in Percy's development under the stress of his actions. All of the author's fine skill is not enough when used to tell us only what we knew before.

REVIEWERS

Richard M. Ohmann teaches in the English Department at Wesleyan University.

Corinne Robins is a free-lance writer and critic. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

Michele Murray reviews for *Jubilee*, the *Catholic Reporter* and other publications.

Dom Bede Griffiths, OSB

"Approach to Unity: East and West"

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Dom Bede, widely known for his book, "The Golden String," and for his articles in The Commonweal, is now subprior at Kurisumala Ashram (Hill of the Cross Monastery) in India, a pioneer attempt to adapt Christian monasticism to Hindu Society.

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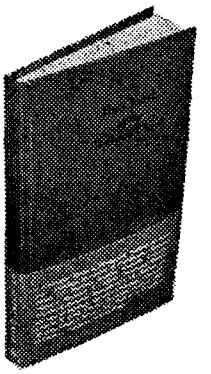

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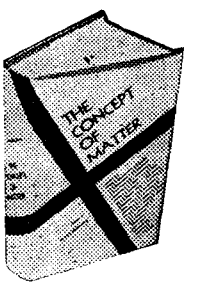
The Concept of Matter



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